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“ And in the sacred chair of stone, 6  
 The base Ne-gaveloc shalt thou see, 7  
 Receive the name, the power, the throne,  
 That once was dear as life to thee :  
 “ Arise ! for on his native plains,  
 His father’s warriors marshall’d round,  
 O’Donnell freed from Saxon chains,  
 Shall soon the signal trumpet sound :  
 “ And soon, thy sacred cause to aid,  
 The brave O’Cahan, at thy call, 8  
 Shall brandish high the flaming blade,  
 That fill’d the grasp of Cuie-na-Gall :  
 “ Resume thy name, in arms arise,  
 Tear from thy breast the Saxon star,  
 And let the coming midnight skies,  
 Be crimson’d with thy fires of war !  
 “ And bid around the echoing land,  
 The war-horn raise thy vassal powers,  
 And once again the BLOODY HAND, 9  
 Wave on Dungannon’s royal towers ! ”  
*Tyrone, Sept.* Z.X.

## NOTES.

1 “ Bend to the tale of Thomond’s shame.”  
 In the reign of Henry the eighth, the palace of Cluan-Road, near Ennis, in the county of Clare, the magnificent mansion of the chief of the O’Briens was burned to the ground by those of his own blood, in revenge for his having accepted of the comparatively degrading title of Earl of Thomond.

2 “ Admirals’ fetter’d prince reclaims.”  
 O’Doherty of Ardlin, who was seized and thrown into prison by the lord deputy Fitzwilliam.

3 “ While P’Maile for his chieftain calls.”  
 O’Toole of P’Maile, father to the wife of O’Nial, also imprisoned by Fitzwilliam.

4 “ Once was thy friend Mac Mahon Roe ! ”  
 Hugh Roe Mac Mahon, chief of Monaghan, who was tried before Fitzwilliam, by a jury of common soldiers, and butchered at his castle door.

5 “ Clos’d o’er the young O’Donnell’s head.”  
 O’Donnell son of the chief of Tyrconnel, who was decoyed on board a vessel and carried prisoner to Dublin, where he was detained from his fourteenth until his twentieth year, when he made a desperate effort to escape, and succeeded.

6 “ And in the sacred chair of stone.”  
 The chair of stone on which the chiefs of the O’Nials were solemnly invested with the power and titles of chief of Tir-owen, and paramount prince of Ulster.

7 “ The base Ne-gaveloc shalt thou see.”  
 Hugh O’Nial illegitimate son of John, formerly chief of Tyrone, surnamed Ne-gaveloc, or the fettered, from his having been born during the captivity of his mother.

8 “ The brave O’Cahan at thy call.”  
 O’Cahan of Cinachta descended from the famous Cuie-na-gall, who was celebrated for his exploits against the English.

9 “ And once again the bloody hand.”  
 The bloody hand is the crest of the name of O’Nial.

## HYMNS OF CHARITY.

## HYMN IV.

IN this fair globe, with ocean bound,  
 And with yon starry concave crown’d,  
 In earth below, in Heav’n above,  
 How clear reveal’d that God is Love.  
 I seem to hear th’ angelic voice,  
 Which bless’d the work, and bade rejoice ;

It vibrates still from ev’ry part,  
 And echoes through my grateful heart.  
 In God all creatures live and move,  
 “ Motes in the sun-beam of his love ; ”  
 Vast Nature quickens in his sight,  
 Existence feels, and new delight.  
 Thro’ glad creation’s ample range,  
 Roll on the wheels of ceaseless change ;  
 The Phoenix renovates his breath,  
 Nor dreads destruction even in death.  
 From ashes of this world, sublime,  
 Beyond the flight of thought or time,  
 On wings of Faith and Hope he soars,  
 And “ Truth in Love,” eternally adores.

## HYMN V.

ALL Nature feels attractive pow’r,  
 A strong embracing force ;  
 The drops that sparkle in the show’r,  
 The planets in their course.  
 Thus, in the universe of mind,  
 I felt the law of love ;  
 The charity both strong and kind,  
 For all that live and move.  
 In this fine sympathetic chain,  
 All creatures bear a part,  
 Their every pleasure, ev’ry pain,  
 Link’d to the feeling heart.  
 More perfect bond, the Christian plan  
 Attaches soul to soul ;  
 Our neighbour is the suff’ring man,  
 Though at the farthest pole.  
 To earth below, from heav’n above,  
 The faith in Christ profess’d,  
 More clear reveals, that God is love,  
 And whom he loves is blest.  
 Lo ! how the sun, at glorious dawn,  
 The whole horizon fills,  
 When, all the starry host withdrawn,  
 He mounts the eastern hills !

## HYMN VI.

THE heav’n of heav’ns cannot contain  
 The Universal Lord ;  
 Yet he, in humble hearts, will deign  
 To dwell, and be ador’d.  
 Where’er ascends the sacrifice  
 Of fervent praise and pray’r :  
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,  
 The heav’n of God is there.  
 His presence, there, is spread abroad,  
 Where angels have not flown ;  
 Who seek the mercies of their God  
 Are always near his throne.

C. H.

## INSCRIPTION.

WRITTEN AT CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND,  
 THE ROMANTIC SEAT OF H. HOWARD, ESQ.  
 READER if rocks, woods, waters, lawns,  
 and meads,  
 Or ought of nature’s captivating dress,